Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of ſteele,
To make ſtrength ſtronger: but for al our loues,
Firſt let them trie themſelues, ſo did your ſonne,
He was ſo ſuffred, ſo came I a widow,
And neuer ſhall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, ſweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a ſtil ſtand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me backe,
I will reſolue for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *exeunt.*

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel haſt thou brought there apple Iohns? thou knoweſt ſir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Draw. Mas thou ſaiſt true, the prince once ſet a diſh of apple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fiue more ſir Iohns, and putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leaue of theſe ſix drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and ſet them downe, and ſee if thou canſt find out Sneakes Noiſe, miſtris Tere-ſheet would faine heare ſome muſique.

Dra. Diſpatch, the roome where they ſupt is too hot, theile come in ſtraight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and maſter Poynes anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and ſir Iohn muſt not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old vtis, it wil be an excellent ſtratagem.

Francis Ile ſee if I can find out Sneake. *exit*

Enter miſtris Quickly, and Doll Tere-ſheet.

Quickly

Quickly Yfaith ſweet heart, m
excellent good temperalitie. Your
dinarily as heart would deſire, and
is as red as any roſe, in good truth
drunke too much cannaries, and
wine, and it perfumes the bloud e
how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well ſaid, a go
here comes ſir Iohn.

enter ſir Io

ſir Iohn When Arthur firſt in c
was a worthy King: how now m

hoſt. Sicke of a calme, yea good

Falſt. So is all her ſect, and they
ſicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you m
comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat raſcals miſt

Tere. I make them? gluttonie,
them not.

Falſt. If the cooke help to make
make the diſeaſes Doll, we catch of
graunt that my poore vertue, grant

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and o

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, &
is to come halting off, you know to
his pike bent brauely, and to ſurgeri
the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your ſelfe, you mu
ſelfe.

hoſt By my troth this is the old fa
but you fall to ſome diſcord, you ar
matique as two dry toſts, you canno
cõfirmities, what the goodyere one
you, you are the weaker veſſell, as t